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The Elegy.

BY F. J. VURPILLAT, '92.

The truest and most beautiful species of poetry is the lyric: truest, because it is the expression of the poet's happiest thoughts and deepest feelings; most beautiful, inasmuch as it affords us the highest pleasure. Written to be sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, it possesses all the charms of music. A lyric may have a merry or a plaintive air; hence it is either an ode or an elegy. Thus when Timotheus

"With flying fingers touched the lyre,
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire,"

he gave us the ode; and when

"He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse,"

he characterized the elegy.

The elegy, therefore, is a lyric of a mournful character. It is to poetry what the slow, solemn air of the dirge is to music. By means of it the poet gives vent to his feelings of grief for the loss of a friend, or causes to vibrate the sympathetic chord of the heart.

Many of our great English poets have given us beautiful examples of elegy. Among those we have read, Spenser's "Astrophel" is the oldest and one of the best. It was written in honor of the poet's friend, Sir Philip Sidney. Its form is that of a pastoral, and it consists of four parts. In "Astrophel," the first part and the elegy proper, the poet describes the character of his friend, and tells of the manner of his death. The poem is very sweet and pathetic. As we read, we first admire, then love, Astrophel; and finally we are excited to true sympathy

when the poet tells how he met death, and how Stella, to whom he had "vowed the service of his daies," mourns for him.

"The Doleful Lay of Clorinda," the sister of Astrophel, constitutes the second part of the poem. We beg leave to quote a few lines from it as showing the beauty and simplicity so characteristic of the entire poem. Clorinda asks concerning the "immortal spirit" of her departed brother:

"O what is now of it become a dead?
Ay me! can so divine a thing be dead?"

"Ah no! it is not dead, ne can it die,
But lives for aye in blissful Paradise;
Where like a new-borne babe it soft doth lie,
In bed of lillies wrapt in tender wise;
And compass all about with roses sweet,
And dainty violets from head to feet.

"There thousand birds of all celestial brood
To him do sweetly caroll day and night;
And with strange notes, of him well understood,
Lull him asleep in angelick delight
Whilest in sweet dreame to him presented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye can see."

After "The Mourning Muse of Thestylis," the poem closes with "The Pastoral Æclogue," a colloquy between two shepherds upon the death of the poet's friend whom they call Phillisides.

Another elegy upon which much praise has been bestowed is Milton's "Lycidas," a monody on the death of Edward King who perished by shipwreck. King was a classmate of Milton's at Christ's College, and had been destined for the church, but died "ere his prime." The poem is one of Milton's earliest productions, written fifty years after "Astrophel," and very evidently modelled after that dirge. Its diction, however, compared to that of "Astrophel," is harsh and unpleasing. The poet's delineation of his friend's character, his description of their life at college

together, and his estimate of Lycidas' "loss to shepherd's ear," fail to excite in us that admiration and sympathy that we have for Spenser's friends. With the following lines,

"Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed over the head of your loved Lycidas?"

begins what Dr. Johnson calls "a long train of mythological imagery." After this, the poet, remembering that his friend had been destined for the church, makes "the pilot of the Galilean lake" come forward and upbraid the false pastors; the apostle begins thus:

"How well could I have spared for thee young swain
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!"

This whole passage in the poem, if not a violation of good taste, is certainly wanting in propriety. From this the poet, by an abrupt transition, returns to his theme. Beginning with the remarkably beautiful description of the flowers which he bids to be brought

"To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies,"

the poem to the end is written in a more musical and more melancholy strain. On the whole, we cannot say that the reading of "Lycidas" has given us as much pleasure as that of many of the other elegies.

"Adonais" has been characterized as a "shimmer of beautiful regret, full of arbitrary though harmonious and delicate fancies." It was Percy Bysshe Shelley's glowing tribute to the poet John Keats. It is remarkable for the loftiness of its ideas enclosed within high walls of bold similes and daring metaphors. In this poem are found the beautiful lines:

"Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Note the tender earnestness of the first stanza:

"I weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Oh, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say with me:
Died Adonais!—till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"

Pope's "Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady," though severely censured by Johnson, gives us a tenderness and pathos unequalled in any other elegy. This truly "Unfortunate Lady" had been forced, by the cruelty of her uncle and guardian, to a monastery in a country remote from relations, where she died with

"No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,"

a circumstance referred to in these touching lines:

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd and by strangers mourn'd."

We come now to consider two great masterpieces of Tennyson—"In Memoriam" and "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington." It has been very truly said of the former that "it is *the* poem of the hoping doubters, *the* poem of our age." It is the profession of the Poet-Laureate's religion—a "doubting, half belief," which seems to catch the glimmerings of the "kindly light," only to lose them again "amid the encircling gloom." The poet's belief may be summed up in these words:

"Behold we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

The death of Tennyson's dearest friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, was the occasion of this magnificent poem, "which needs only a touch of the faith and fire of Dante to make it the grandest elegy of all time." *

By his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," Tennyson has perpetuated in the minds and hearts of Englishmen the memory of their illustrious commander. It is a masterpiece, and for sublimity of expression there is nothing to equal it in the whole line of elegies. It is the voice of lamentation in loud and impassionate tones:

"Bury the great Duke
With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation."

There are other elegies of a character similar to those already considered, which time will not permit us to dwell upon at length. They are a dirge sung in "Cymbeline," over the supposed dead body of Imogen, and a very touching version of this song by the poet William Collins; Harold's sweet song in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and the "Castaway," a piteous lay by William Cowper.

"The most widely known poem in our language" is Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"; a fact not at all surprising, when we remember that "it expresses, in an exquisite

* "Lectures on English Literature," By Maurice F. Egan, LL. D.

manner, feelings and thoughts that are universal." It is a poem that may be appreciated as well by those who walk in Westminster Abbey, as by those who never see any other than their own country churchyard. Therefore it is extolled by the critic and the common reader alike.

Unlike Shelley's "Adonais" and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which are modelled, in some degree, after the Greek elegy of Moschus on his friend Bion, Gray's poem is original. Being free from classicisms, and possessing a beauty and simplicity unequalled even by Spenser's "Astrophel," its noble thoughts and sentiments are intelligible to all:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-trees shade
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

These lines at once excite our imagination to action, and impart to those mysterious strings of the human heart a vibrating touch which is kept up uniformly throughout the entire poem. The exquisite beauty and finish of the poem are most strongly manifested in the following well-known lines:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

We might well continue to quote from this truly inimitable masterpiece; for one can obtain an adequate idea of its beauties only by carefully studying the entire poem. Johnson says of it: "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him."

The best known of American poems is Bryant's "Thanatopsis," which is of the elegiac character, and deserves well to be compared to Gray's elegy. A view of death, painted by the hand of genius, must needs immortalize its author.

Of the elegies thus far considered, some possess the qualities of beauty and simplicity, others those of tenderness and pathos; while some, like those of Tennyson, are remarkable for grandeur. We give two examples of elegy possessing a quality which makes them our favorites. This quality is consolation to an afflicted heart—comfort to the sorrowful.

Exquisitely sweet and tender is Longfellow's "Resignation," as may be seen in the opening stanza of the poem:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

The poem is a beautiful expression of true Christian sentiment. The poet says:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

The second example are the lines "From the Grave" by one whom I am permitted to call a friend. Ever since we read this really exquisite little poem, its lines have been ringing in my head. When thoughts of my dear departed mother come upon me—and come they must—only her voice, speaking to me "From the Grave," can dry my moistened eyes and give courage to my afflicted heart. I quote the poem in full:

"Weep not for me, O tender heart!
Thou knowest my wish that all thy part
In life should be as a happy way,
As sunlit as a summer day.
Weep not for me!

"In life thy tears were bitter drops,
In death thy woe's a hand that stops
The current of eternity
And smites thy echoed grief to me.
O tender heart!

"No tears, O love! be happy now!
'A little while,' and know shalt thou
What 'tis to lie in earth and wait
The resurrection and the birth.
Weep not for me!"

For one in affliction there is more genuine consolation in this beautiful poem than in the "decorous and superbly measured flow of grief of 'In Memoriam.'" Were all poets animated with this true Christian spirit, their elegies would be deserving of higher praise.

Some Thoughts on Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens was born in London, England, in the year 1812. His father was employed in the civil service, making very little money, and young Charles was compelled to take a position in a blacking factory; his work consisted in pasting labels on boxes. But at last he gave up this business, and, in 1827, became clerk to a solicitor, and finally he developed himself into a reporter.

His life as a reporter was an extremely difficult one. He often had to stand in the rain with two of his friends holding a handkerchief over his note-book to prevent it from getting wet. He did not possess a good education, and always blamed his mother for not having sent him to school.

A Great Poet.

BY W. O'BRIEN.

The most turbulent time in the history of England was the seventeenth century. In the first decade of that cycle, Elizabeth, the great, cruel sovereign of Europe, passed away. James, the son of Mary Queen of Scots, and the first of the Stuart line of kings, succeeded her, and ruled with wisdom and justice the destinies of his realm for a quarter of a century. In the seventh year of the reign of his son, Charles I. was born the subject of our sketch—a man whom we know too little about—John Dryden.

His early life was uneventful. He did not begin to show his ability as a writer till he had reached the first milestone in the journey of life. He had written a few odes, an elegy on the death of Cromwell, and made some minor translations before that time, but they were no indications of greatness, nor did they shadow forth the inborn genius which was to make him the most noted man of his day and time.

When he entered public life he was met by the Restoration. Many from whom he expected support and preferment could give him no aid. What power they may have wielded, and the influence they had during the commonwealth faded away with the death of Cromwell. When Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers, Dryden's most influential friends were but political pigmies.

Dryden, with the natural ambition of men of talent, desired to have a place of distinction at court. He foresaw that merit alone would not place him in the position he wished to attain. He needed first the good will and friendship of the king, without which he could not hope to win fame. With this end in view, he did what any man of tact would do under like circumstances. He gave up his Puritan predilections and joined the king's party. He wrote an ode of fervent welcome to the king on his restoration to his inherited rights, and joined the politicians who hung around the throne expecting place and distinction. He first acquired fame by writing plays, but it was a kind of fame that brought a blush to his cheek. He was writing for money and a reputation, but money was secondary. He wanted to please, and, to do so, he had to displease himself. His plays were, if not immoral, bordering on licentiousness.

All England was at the close of the third quarter of the seventeenth century in a most debauched state. Virtue was a vice and morality

a crime. It was at this time that Dryden wrote his dramas, and it was the loose morals of the period that tainted his plays, so we can, without great charity or indulgence, overlook this shadowed path in his otherwise bright and glorious career. He trailed his genius in the gutter in order to satisfy the public craving for filth. Nothing at that time was popular unless it was on the verge of obscenity and Dryden was courting popularity, and obtained it by abusing his talent.

His first great narrative poem appeared in 1766—"Annus Mirabilis." It was written to commemorate the Plague and Fire of London and the War with the Dutch. It has a dignity of style and a sweet harmonious verse that merits all praise. He used this poem as a means to attain recognition from Charles, eulogizing him in the highest terms. The king succumbed to the sweet incense of flattery which so pleases weak human nature, and conferred upon Dryden the proud title of Laureate of England.

Dryden's manner of versifying possesses great merit. He has an attractive way of combining spirit and carelessness. His free, easy style lends sweetness and fascination to his verse. The fancy and the ear of all is pleased by his well rounded sentences. All his writings are rich in pretty, well-chosen figures, but not overburdened with them. He knew just what words were best suited to convey his thoughts. Useless sentences and superfluous words he avoided. The fault of some poets is in applying ornaments too rich and gaudy for the subject, and keeping the reader in a field of flowers and vegetation when they wish to picture the barrenness of a desert. Another fault, and a grave one, is that of keeping the subject in a mist or haze, expressing no thought directly and covering every idea in a bunch of roses. Dryden was not among these. He was clear, precise, and at times too given to pointed argument to keep his verse free from dryness. He was not florid. His clear conception of what poetry should be kept him from this vice in old poets, but prospect of success in young.

Dryden is best known by his shorter poems. His touching odes and lyrics have introduced him among all classes. The low, sweet, charming music of his song finds a sympathetic chord in every heart. Who does not admire the beauty and harmony of these lines:

"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain."

By 1836 he had made a fairly good start in a literary way, and in this year he began his famous "Pickwick Papers." When "Sam Weller" appeared Dickens became famous.

In 1840 he made a trip through the United States, and in his "American Notes," he is very hard on the country.

On one occasion he was riding on a train; the windows were open and little white balls kept continually coming in through his window. He says he thought some one was throwing feathers out of the car, and when he got up to see, he found that it was a man spitting. This is only one of his many hits at Americans.

During his tour he read his own novels to large and appreciative audiences. A good judge who heard him says he never saw anyone who had so perfectly mastered the art of reading, especially the reading of his own work. He has, it seems, the power of making one cry or laugh just when it suits him or the occasion.

Dickens' imagination was almost unlimited; his plots are, nevertheless, somewhat loosely constructed; but notwithstanding this to his stories is attached more than a general interest. Some parts of his novels are fascinating.

Many of the readers of "The old Curiosity Shop" say that Dickens let "Little Nell" live too long, or that he made her dying too slow. How would it have been if Little Nell had died in the beginning of the story? Two-thirds of the interest attached to Nell; and, she gone, the novel would not have found so many readers. The author's description of Little Nell after death is very striking. I quote a few lines.

"She was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. 'When I die, put over me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.' These were her words. She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing, the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever."

"Oh, it is hard to take to heart the lesson that such deaths will teach; but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn, and it is a mighty, universal Truth. When Death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form, from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise, in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentler nature comes. In the destroyer's steps there spring up bright creatures that defy his power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to Heaven."

From this quotation one can judge of Dickens' power of description, and also of his idea of the pathetic. Dickens' imagination leads

him through many wanderings. At times he is fantastic; again, he draws a caricature; another time he is pathetic (to excess?). Dickens describes scenery and surroundings very minutely; he always considers details, but his characters remain the same throughout the story, and do not improve under his treatment.

The failure of his love scenes is especially to be noticed. He does not arrange matters rightly. As an example of a serio-comic proposal, take the occasion on which Mr. Bumble, in "Oliver Twist," discloses his affectionate devotion and everlasting love for Mrs. Corny. Who would ever propose under the conditions of Mr. Bumble? But, then, it might not be easy to ask the fatal question with a cup of tea in one hand and a slice of toast in the other.

Dickens is moral in his writings, as can be seen by reading any of his works. He treats delicate subjects delicately; his service to mankind has been something wonderful. By "Nicholas Nickleby," he abolished that drudge and fear of the London boy, the Yorkshire cheap school. "Little Dorrit" aimed at the abolishment of the debtor-prison system.

These books are little less than art creations. They are legitimate forms of art. It is one thing to know things, another to impart our knowledge to others. The writer who instils his own spirit into his writings is a true author; his literature has power, has fancy, has magnetism; it is instructive. But literature is not legitimately the conveyance of knowledge to the world. Didactic prose is somewhat akin to didactic poetry, neither of much use. I do not refer to scientific prose works and the like; but to what is meant as a novel, which sets forth some scientific principle or other.

Leave science to scientists, literature to *littérateurs*. FROST THORN, '94.

An Old Wooden Pump.

There's an old wooden pump by the roadside,
Neglected for many a year;
All unsightly it stands there unnoticed,
Nor brings to the thirsty good cheer.

Oh, full long has it wept in the daytime
When mild rains go pattering past;
And I doubt not it weeps in the night time—
How long shall this suffering last?

Ah! what glory! what sadness! what sorrow!
Though bathed in a torrent of tears,
It oft gasps but for one drop of water
To moisten the thirst of its years.

M. A.

These exquisite lines are known by everyone, and we hear them daily:

"For pity melts the mind to love."

And,

"Take the good the gods provide thee."

And again:

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

It has been said that Shakspeare is known by "Hamlet," Gray by his "Elegy," Goldsmith by the "Traveller," Tennyson by "Locksley Hall"; surely we may add that Dryden is known by the greatest of all lyrics—"The Ode to St. Cecilia's Day."

The long poems of Dryden deserve far greater attention than we give them. "Absalom and Achitophel" is a charming satire aimed against the party of the commonwealth, and written in the style of a scriptural narrative. It is one of the most vigorous and finely versified satires in our language.

"Religio Laici" was written to defend the church of England against the dissenters. It possesses some fine points; but his heart was not in his subject, for he doubted the truth of the creed he was upholding. His doubts were dispelled when he embraced the Church of St. Peter. Satisfied that he was following an infallible guide, he wrote:

"Good life be now my task—my doubts are done."

After his conversion he wrote an allegorical poem of great force and beauty, "The Hind and the Panther." The Hind is the Church of Rome; the Panther the church of England, while the Calvinists, Quakers and other sects are represented by bears, wolves and other animals. The opening lines of the poem are among the most beautiful in our tongue:

"A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts and many winged wounds,
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die."

The wit in this poem is sharp and pleasant, the reasoning close and strong.

As a prose writer Dryden has few peers. His prose is even better than his verse. Sir Walter Scott wrote "that Dryden's prose ranked with the best in the English language."

But the grey messenger of death knocks alike at the palace and garden gate, and at his summons the clay gives up its genius, and returns again to mother earth. He loaned the genius to man, but demanded it back when earthly life was over; and so John Dryden sub-

mitted to the inevitable, "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust," approached his God.

He was buried where England's noblest sons rest, at Westminster Abbey. But though the marble of that historic spot obscures his bones from mortal eyes, he himself was not destined to be so hidden. His fame is growing brighter every year; new beauties are being discovered in his works, and just critics have placed his "Fall of Granada" among our epics. Many have since his time been called "Poet-Laureate," but none, we are sure in saying, whom the muses loved so well or whom they inspired so wholly, so beautifully, so gracefully.

Will Science Become Poetical?*

Upon first thought one is liable to say it is absurd to mingle science and poetry—thinking that poetry stands on turrets too high to ever be brought in contact with such a commonplace thing as science; but, after considering the question carefully, it is found that they are closely connected. It falls to the lot of the poet, then, to strengthen this relationship lest it become weak and be torn asunder.

The poet's work can be traced through all ages. Starting with the cradle of literature down through the palmiest days of Greece and Rome, to our present era he has been one of the greatest factors in civilizing mankind. Italy has had its Dante, England its Shakspeare and Milton, Germany its Goethe and Schiller, and last, but not least, America its Longfellow to sing the songs of the universe. The earliest annals of history loudly proclaim that the poet has ever been as eager an expounder of nature as the scientist. The one has searched the earth, sea and sky for the beautiful, the other for the true. The results may have been the same in several cases. Why not combine their investigations, then, and give nature's songster a broader field to work in? The material which is woven into verse by him would then become twofold. He would not only profit by his own investigations, but would have at his command those of the energetic scientist. Many censure the thought of such a combination, but their reasons are very weak. What is grander and more picturesque than the sun, moon and stars? Why should not their praises be sung then?

A new literary era is dawning. The interreg-

* Continuation of the Symposium published in a previous number.

num of words without thought is passed. There have been times when the popularity of a work depended upon the language only; but now it must have other qualifications. People do not read for pleasure alone, and hence all forms of writing should be instructive. We are very defective in great minds. No Dante, Milton, or Shakspeare can be counted among our great. As we have no authors of such great imaginative power, a new field must be thrown open to our poets, if we expect them to do any great work. It is almost an impossibility to say anything new about life and death and such themes as occupied the attention of Dante and Milton. It is deemed expedient, then, to open a new book to the poet of the future. At present people want facts, and they will have them. In reading Shakspeare one sees that he is only studying human nature in its different phases, hence his popularity. Americans, especially, are such a practical people that they read chiefly to acquire knowledge. How much greater will the excitement and enjoyment become when bare facts are clothed in beautiful language.

Of all poets who make scientific allusions in their verse, Alfred Tennyson is the most renowned. He is ever searching for material in the heavens as well as the laboratory to make a beautiful epithet out of some law of nature. But he is by no means the only poet that uses science. So common is it that it is almost impossible to read the best poetry of to-day without a knowledge of the sciences. If it would not be used to advantage in verse, it is absurd to think of such a genius as Tennyson making use of it—such a fruitful and unlimited imagination and never-equalled singer! It is impossible to read him without having this question brought before us, but especially in "Locksley Hall," "The Princess" and "In Memoriam." What can be more poetical than these allusions to astronomy taken from "Locksley Hall:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went
to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west.
Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow
shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

Again we see his genius displayed in combining these two different studies in "In Memoriam" in these words:

"There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye;
And makes a silence in the hills."

Many other illustrations could be given, but space does not permit. "In Memoriam" is especially filled with science; but it is the science of everyday life, and thus appears all the more interesting.

In conclusion, it may be said that science alters all things. It is easy to note how closely it has been allied with the progress of the nineteenth century. It has brought about an entirely new condition of things. Who can tell what it

may have done at the close of the next century, in altering verse? If such men as Lord Tennyson continue to use it there is not the least doubt but that it will become universal. Of course, if some poets attempt it, they will make a dismal failure, because their work will be dry and prosaic; but with men at the helm like the poet-laureate, the ship will be steered safely out of the storm.

ALBERT E. DACEY.

Is it possible that these two apparently distinct and opposed elements should combine to form a new substance with higher and better properties than those originally possessed by either? I think that it is possible; more than that, I believe it to be a living fact.

What is poetry? It is the attempt of man to suggest what he cannot express. And is it not when one plunges with science into the depths of nature, that the inexpressible confronts him on every hand, causing him to cry out with admiration and wonder, filling his inmost soul with feelings which are far from unpoetical?

The foundation of science is truth. Poetry, of the highest type, is but a seeking after this same truth. Hence there is no reason why they should not go hand in hand down the ages. United, they form a superstructure whose base rests on the indestructible rocks of truth. Science builds the house; poetry decorates it. The one toils with ceaseless energy, places the huge beams, rears the bare wall; the other, with infinite art and care, bends the straight lines into curves, smoothes the rough boards, frescoes the ceilings, ornaments within and without. Who shall say that this union is not of more value than either of its constituents?

Many claim that there is too much reality about science, and not enough imagery; but to this one may reply that "fact is stronger than fiction"; that nature still holds secrets beyond the wildest flights of fancy.

A poet may look out on the fields and turn thoughtlessly away. But open to him the book of science, he will find a world in every grain of sand: "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." He will feel his soul deepen and broaden, his thoughts grow higher and nobler, his whole being go out in appreciation of the inestimable boon which has been conferred upon him.

I cannot conceive of a great poet without a knowledge of science; it seems to me as though science were the indispensable canvas, upon which poetry might paint its glowing colors.

M. JOSLYN.

—Lange Beschäftigungen:—„Was sind Sie, lieber Herr?"

„Ich bin Schlossgartenkunstverandenzimmerdoppelschlüsselschlüsselbildersfabrikantengeschäftsreisender!"

„Und Sie, Verehrtester?"

„Ich habe die Ehre zu sein, Schornsteinfegergehilfenalterversicherungsstassenbureauvorstandsmitglied."

—Ex.

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—Prof. Wm. Hoynes, of the Law Department, has received definite advices as to the shipment of the granite shaft for the Lyons monument from Barré, Vt., on Saturday, the 14th inst. Measures have been taken to secure the greatest dispatch practicable in its transportation. It should arrive at South Bend on or about Wednesday, the 25th. It can be placed in its proper position in the cemetery within a day or two after its arrival, the lettering and finishing touches being deferred until a later date. Work on the foundation will be completed next Tuesday. The shaft would have been here and the monument finished at least a month ago, it is said, were it not for the labor agitation and strikes of the last two or three months among the quarrymen of Vermont. However, in view of the facts stated, it seems safe to promise that it will be up and ready for the unveiling ceremony on Decoration Day. All the old students and subscribers to the fund are invited to be present without formal notification or special invitation. This course is followed because it is feared that invitations specially sent out might not reach all who should be present.

The Band Concert.

We feel assured that no entertainment thus far presented by our collegiate organizations during the scholastic year could have been more successful in pleasing the Faculty and students than the concert given in Washington Hall last Wednesday afternoon by the University Band. It is, indeed, a matter of note that our Band, under its present accomplished leader, has attained a degree of excellence never before rivalled since the time of the lamented Father Lilly. And it has this additional prestige that, as far as we can learn, it has been the first in the history of our *Alma Mater* to give those concerts *a la* Gilmore, which have become so deservedly popular. All honor and praise to our noble band and its worthy leader! And, by the way, our readers will not be surprised to learn that this was the second concert given by the Band of the present year; they will remember the

notice of the grand concert given last fall. Now in this, as in the previous concerts, the arrangement of the instrumentalists, the depth of stage and the grand expanse of hall were merely accessories to the artistic training and the skill of the players. The perfection of the Band was there displayed in its light and shade; its varied movements were grand, either in *fortissimo* passages, when the fifty or more instruments burst forth into an immense volume of harmony; or in the *pianissimo*, when its tones might serve as a delicate accompaniment to the lightest soprano. But let us tell of what was done on Wednesday.

The concert was opened with an overture, "Lights and Shadows." Then followed a vocal duet, "Land Ahoy!" in which the bass voice of Mr. E. Schaack and the tenor of Mr. J. Marmon mingled most harmoniously and called for loud applause. The selection from "Maritana," given by the band, opened with soft music and burst out in varied strains. Mr. Lamar Monarch then stepped on the stage with his declamation, entitled "Horatio at the Bridge." By his masterly delivery he kept the unflinching attention of his audience through his long and difficult piece; and he responded to the *encore* by the short but touching recitation of "Little Jim." The gracefulness of action, the clearness and perfect modulation of his voice, have given to Mr. Monarch the first place among Notre Dame's elocutionists.

"Passing Clouds," rendered by the Brass Quartette, consisting of Rev. Father Mohun and Messrs. Chassaing, F. Vurpillat and M. Lauth, cannot escape favorable comment. Mr. Lauth's baritone solo proved him to be a worthy successor of Prof. Gallagher of last year. Mr. F. Hennessy's singing was appreciated with unusual warmth, as the loud voice of the *encore* testified. The band men were at their best in the Medley Overture to "The Last of the Hogans." It opened in a grand burst of music, and was broken at times by cornet solos with bass accompaniments. The pleasing variety seemed to strike the right chord in the hearers, and called forth repeated applause. The *encore* was answered by the "Anvil Polka" with real live anvil accompaniment.

The flute solo, "Caprice de Concert," by Mr. Bachrach, the Sorin Hall flutist, was succeeded by the "light and airy" *morceau* "The Dance on the Heath." Mr. A. Dacey, an ardent admirer of Webster's orations, then spoke his "Horrors of a Guilty Conscience" in a manner that fairly did justice to the strong and rugged speech of Webster. "Constancy Waltz" was full of time

Mr. Dunford made a favorable *début*. His full, rich voice was well suited for the song "Roll on, Deep Ocean." The University Band closed the programme with the "World's Exposition March" of Schleiffarth. The hearty thanks of the Faculty and students are extended to the Director of the University Band, Rev. M. Mohun, under whose skilful directorship the Band has reached its golden age in the annals of our college history, and to the Professors Liscombe and Ackermann, whose kind services were so effective in contributing towards the evening's success.

N. F.

Free Silver.*

BY L. P. CHUTE, '92.

In the primitive ages of history commerce was carried on by a system of barter and exchange of products. One man would give a certain number of sheep for a horse, a quantity of wheat for an ox, or a certain measure of oats for a day's labor; business transactions were very simple, and confined to the immediate community, or to near neighbors. In time, however, as commerce became extended, the means of transportation facilitated, and peoples, nations far separated from one another, began to intercommunicate and exchange their products,—when, in fact, the human race multiplied and disseminated its numbers over the territories of distant lands and progressed in the onward march of civilization,—it became necessary to adopt a more safe and convenient mode of reciprocal interchange of commodities. This was accomplished by substituting for barter and exchange a system by which the value of things was represented—by a medium of exchange called money. This, by the common consent of the people, was made to serve as an intermediary in the transfer of products from one person, or collection of persons, to the other. Its value depended in no way on the material of which it was made, but was maintained solely by the fact that it was credited by the people generally as representing so much value—by the confidence they placed in one another that they would receive it as such. In the colonial days of America tobacco was the money of the people; in the early days of Illinois coon skins were received as money; and at this day, in part of the United States—

interior Alaska,—the rich native estimates his wealth by the height of his blanket pile. In parts of India the cowry shell, washed upon the shore by the sea, is still used as money.

But the money used by the civilized nations of the world, from a time which history does not record, has consisted chiefly of the two precious metals, gold and silver; and it is an indisputable fact of history that the nations possessing the greatest abundance of these metals were the strongest and most prosperous, their industries were the most flourishing, and the masses of the people, the most happy and contented. And it is now a matter of special concern with the United States that they provide a currency sufficient to keep pace with the enormous influx of foreigners, which is continually increasing our trade, commerce and general business. America is the common receptacle of the down-trodden and oppressed of the world, who come to our shores confident in the assurance of paternal shelter and of increased opportunities to attain wealth and happiness. The production of the two metals has always been looked upon by every nation as a boon to its financial standing.

It is our contention that a wide circulation of coin is requisite for the promotion of our prosperity both as a nation and as individuals. At the commencement of the war money was put into circulation until it amounted, in '65, to \$1,150,000,000. Even this was insufficient, and the country was forced to resort to the use of paper money and government bonds, which, in '69, in order to aid the public credit, Congress made payable in gold and silver coin. This was wise legislation, and the public debt was set on the short road to liquidation. Just then the bond holders, who were the rich men of the country, procured a revision of the statutes which made their bonds payable in gold and demonetized silver, thus depreciating silver and consequently the paper founded on it, and raising the value of gold. The crash came in '73; it swelled the public indebtedness by millions, deprived us of half the money with which to pay it, and enlarged the burden of the taxation of the masses who compose the principal debtor class.

From 1873 to '79 this country passed through a period of depression and gloom unwitnessed since the commencement of our existence as an independent republic. The very material itself (gold) in which the bonds were made payable, was shipped out of the country, for a great number of the bonds were held by foreigners. There were 3,000,000 men out of employment who could have earned at least \$3,000,000 per

* Argument on the affirmative presented in Washington Hall in the debate given under the auspices of the University Law Society, on the evening of March 12.

day; but there were none to employ them. All the necessities of life were cheap—bread and meat, fuel and rent were cheap; but gold was dear, silver worth nothing and the pockets of the workingmen were empty. So, notwithstanding the low prices of all commodities, the laborer could not supply himself, wife and little ones with the common necessities of life. This state of affairs was permitted to continue for but a few years; for on all sides were heard the clamour and appeals of the people to be relieved of their unbearable burdens and unmeasured distress. It was in '78 that Congress was forced, by the overpowering weight of public sentiment, to undo the infamous act of '73, and bring once more to the home of the laborer a condition of comparative rest and tranquillity which he has enjoyed to the present time.

Our own is not the only country that has suffered from the evil effects resulting from depriving silver coin of its rightful position in the financial world: England has demonetized silver. She is a gold country. It is true that she is a very prosperous nation, so far as the aristocracy and landowners are concerned. They alone are the possessors of the gold. Consider, though, the millions who never see a gold coin. The United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Wales contains a population of 28,000,000 inhabitants and an area of 72,000,000 acres. Of these 51,000,000 acres are owned by less than 11,000 persons who draw from them annually as rent from the poor tenantry \$562,000,000, which, of course, must be paid in gold. This is one of the principal elements that are driving such numbers of England's penniless poor out of the country to seek relief on more congenial soil.

The laboring classes compose the backbone and sinew of every land; and, as the chief aim of legislation is to procure the greatest good to the greatest number, they are the ones whose well-being it should be the object of our lawmakers to promote. They are the ones among whom the silver coin circulates—the ones who pass over the counter their small piece of silver and receive in exchange what is necessary for the support of themselves and families, and who then have nothing left for wild speculation. England, with all her quasi-prosperity, is far behind France, and cannot be compared with the United States, which has given but fair recognition to silver. More than ten times of business is done in this country with our \$500,000,000 of silver than with our \$700,000,000 of gold, for the reason that the silver reaches the numbers, and the gold is confined to the few. When the commercial nations of Europe

kept open their mints to silver, it went as high as 10 per cent. above par. It is the favorite metal of two-thirds of the world, and more than half the nations of the globe cannot dispense with it. We have only to read the daily papers to be convinced that the same element that brought on the French Revolution, one hundred years ago, now pervades almost all Europe—the demands of the people for bread and the means of procuring it.

Some seem to think the fact that silver is cheap in this country is a misfortune, and claim that raising it to a par with gold would drive the gold out of the country. Reason and experience, however, prove the contrary. Instead of leaving, gold comes to us. From the opening of the mines of California in '48 until the passage of the Remonetization Act in '78, we were constantly exporting more gold than importing; and since '78 we have constantly imported more than exported. From '78 to '86 we coined 218,000,000 silver dollars, and gold continued to come to us; in '78 we had \$218,000,000 of gold coin; by '86 it had increased to \$600,000,000; that is to say, that in those eight years we coined more gold than our mines produced. Since '78 we have exported more silver than gold. Gold is higher here than elsewhere, and silver cheaper. Other countries cannot afford to send us their silver in exchange for our gold, for they can get more for it at home. The silver they ship to the United States is at a big loss. In their own countries they receive one volume of gold for 15½ of silver; but were they to buy our gold with their silver, it would require twenty-two volumes of silver for one of our gold. In 1886 France had \$553,000,000 of silver; if she had sent it over here, it would have been worth but \$401,000,000—a loss to France of \$152,000,000. On the same principle Belgium would have lost \$14,000,000. Italy, Switzerland and Greece would have lost \$24,000,000. Austria, \$188,000,000, and India \$285,000,000. So we need have no fear that our friends across the water will deluge us with their silver at such a tremendous loss to themselves.

On the adoption of the monetary system of Jefferson in 1792, the ratio between silver and gold was fixed at 15 to 1, and the result was we had but little gold. From then until 1837 this was a silver standard country, as the ratio of other countries was 15½ to 1. In '37 we changed our ratio to 16 to 1, and immediately silver began to leave us, for it rose to a premium of 4 per cent. If we were now to coin the two metals at the ratio of their relative intrinsic values, 22 to 1, foreign nations would

be only too glad to relieve us of our silver so cheaply. If, however, the international monetary conference, now in operation, be successful in their endeavors to secure the adoption of a uniform ratio between gold and silver by the great commercial nations of the world, we will keep our gold and our silver, and other countries will keep theirs, except so far as the balance of trade is concerned.

Silver has almost always been undervalued. At the very time of its demonetization, in 1873, it was worth from 3 to 3½ per cent. more than gold. We produce nearly half the silver of the world, and it would not be candid to call this a misfortune. It is to our best financial interests that we invest it with full monetary powers, and make it circulate among the masses of the people to bring joy to their homes, and insure for them a future of peace and tranquillity unattained by the races of by-gone generations. The law of 1890 in half a year put into circulation \$100,000,000, which caused anything but disaster; on the contrary, the industries of the country were stimulated and the courage of the people revived.

Silver, as well as gold, is the money of the Constitution, and had for its unqualified advocates no less men than Washington himself, and his able secretary, Alexander Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, John Marshall and Daniel Webster. In the crucial periods of our history, in the wars of 1812, of 1848 and for the Union, on silver more than on gold did we rely to carry us through to victory. In times of peril gold is hidden away for speculative purposes and silver remains with the masses to sustain the brunt of active service. Open the mints of the world to silver, and nothing more will be heard of cheap silver and dishonest dollars. Give to silver the full credence that is justly due it, and the halls of Congress will no longer resound with the declamations of the delegates of sixty million toilers, calling upon the votaries of government to wield their power in a manner befitting a nation of hardy, liberty-loving, law-abiding people.

Books and Periodicals.

THE TWO PATHS. By Louisa Dalton. And Other Stories and Sketches Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*. Philadelphia: H. L. Kilner & Co.

THE GHOST AT OUR SCHOOL and Other Stories (Reprinted from the *Ave Maria*). By Marion J. Brunowe: Same Publishers.

The readers of the *Ave Maria* will certainly welcome the publication of these stories in book form, for they have learned to appreciate the

worth of all that appears in Our Lady's Journal, and would gladly see its sphere of influence more and more widely extended. In brief, we may say that the stories and sketches above mentioned furnish the best reading that could be put in the hands of young people. They are interesting and instructive, and written in that bright, dashing style that appeals so well to the youthful imagination. In the "make-up," the publishers have done their work admirably well, and given forth volumes that must prove most attractive gifts or premiums.

—*The American Catholic Quarterly Review* (Hardy & Mahony, Philadelphia), holds its first place among the English periodicals of the day. Besides it fulfils a mission peculiarly its own—the dissemination of thought, deep and practical, and well calculated to influence men and their social relations. The April number of the *Review* is, of course, the nearest illustration we have of this truth, though each and every number previously issued cannot fail to convince the intelligent reader that, in the varied fields of thought, the *Review* will meet every want. We have not the space to speak of each article of the April number; but "times and things" compel us to notice the paper on

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

It is from the pen of Dr. Richard H. Clarke, and its full title is: "Christopher Columbus: The Prophecy, The Offer and the Acceptance." At the outset Dr. Clarke shows that while the studies of Columbus were chiefly of a scientific character, the motives which impelled him to undertake the discovery of a new world were religious. From childhood he was a devout and earnest Christian, well acquainted with Christian interests and dogmas, ardently desirous for the conversion of the heathen to Christianity and the exaltation of our Saviour's name on earth, and well acquainted with the prophecies referring to these subjects. Many learned divines have maintained with Columbus that his mission and its results were foretold by the prophets, and a number of texts of Sacred Scripture have been pointed out as clearly applicable to the discovery of the New World by Columbus. By many of the biographers of Columbus the traditions also respecting St. Christopher are regarded as typical of the achievements of Columbus. The applicability of these prophecies and traditions Dr. Clarke points out in detail. He then mentions and explains the physical reasons and facts which Columbus brought forward in support of his theory.

Dr. Clarke then describes the condition of Genoa, Venice and Portugal, and the reasons which led them, one after another, to reject the proposals of Columbus. He follows him through his disappointments and struggles, till a beggar at the gate of the Franciscan Convent of La Rabida, he found a friend in Father Juan Perez de Marchena, and by him was provided with a letter of introduction to Queen Isabella's con-

fessor. The delays to which Columbus was subjected, the discussions and debates about the correctness of his theory, the encouragement given and then withdrawn, the resolution of Columbus, hopeless of obtaining aid from Ferdinand and Isabella to leave Spain and try to obtain assistance in France, his change of purpose, the terms demanded by Columbus, their rejection by the royal commission, Queen Isabella's favorable interposition, the difficulties encountered in procuring and equipping vessels, the embarkation at Palos, and starting on the adventurous voyage, are all graphically described in the latter part of this article.

Resolutions of Condolence.

WHEREAS, Providence has in His infinite wisdom deemed it fit to remove from all earthly cares the loving mother of our esteemed colleague, James McDermott; and,

WHEREAS, We realize that the affliction caused by the loss of a fond mother is almost beyond consolation, yet the Christian heart will bow to the will of Him who doeth all things well; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Columbians offer to its bereaved member the heartfelt sympathy of the society, reminding him that his loss is the loved one's eternal gain;

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC, and a copy be sent to our bereaved fellow-member.

F. BOLTON,
H. O'DONNELL,
T. ANSBURY,

R. E. FRIZZELLE,
H. CARROLL,
R. C. LANGAN.—*Committee.*

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His infinite wisdom to remove from this earth the loving mother of Mr. James McDermott, one of our fellow-students; and,

WHEREAS, We deeply feel for him in his sad bereavement; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the students of Brownson Hall, tender him and his afflicted family our most heartfelt sympathy; and be it, moreover,

Resolved, That these resolutions be printed in THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to his sorrow-stricken family.

M. P. MCFADDEN,
T. A. QUINLAN,
W. J. MOXLEY,

E. M. SCHILLO,
W. V. CUMMINGS,
J. W. EGAN.—*Committee.*

Local Items.

—*Sang froid!*

—'Rah for the Band!

—Oh, ye mushrooms!!

—A few apothegms are required for the local columns.

—Let *encores* on state occasions be few and far between.

—Sometimes an *encore* may develop capabilities not realized before.

—"What watch is it?" asketh the newcomer from old Europa's shores.

—It has been remarked that the bell of the Portiuncula groans before it rings.

—If you cannot enjoy a piece, let it be no reason that the enjoyment of others should be disturbed.

—The Band are greatly indebted to the esteemed Professor of vocal music for favors received in connection with their late concert.

—What will not the rising generation come to? Johnnie quoted Schiller, his favorite poet, some days ago as speaking of "knights in harness."

—To the great delight of all at St. Edward's Hall, Dr. M. F. Egan has commenced a series of weekly lectures, embracing a bird's-eye view of English literature.

—Who ever heard of such a concatenation of cacophonous mispronunciation as that of which Daniel, he of the Fifth Latin, has rendered himself guilty during the past week.

—We cannot guarantee for the literary excellence of these columns. The brainy eds. have been pushed to their utmost, not to speak of the most astonishing request of a standing "ad." *sine pay*, from the genial director of — well, etc.

—The Brownsons have allowed the Carrolls to increase their lead in stamps 32,322. Whether the Brownsons have given up, or are going to surprise the youngsters, remains to be seen. Contributors will confer a favor by not taking the paper off the stamps.

—Rev. President Walsh and Bro. Alexander paid a visit last week to the first arithmetic class in the Minim department. But the presence of such formidable examiners in no way disconcerted the Minims, as the solution they gave to some rather difficult problems showed.

—Very Rev. Father General honored the "princes" with a visit last Tuesday. He was delighted to find all so bright and happy; and to add to their happiness he sent them some delicious oranges and bananas. The one hundred and thirteen nobles request the SCHOLASTIC to convey to Father General their affectionate thanks.

—Captain Marr's second specials won a game from a visiting team from the city of South Bend recently. Score: 11 to 3. The grounds were in rather poor condition, so the battery could not do very effective work. However, it was *invincible*. The feature of the game was the excellent out-fielding of the visitors. Hack seems to be regaining his old-time batting record.

—Will the *Chicago Herald* please explain why it persistently denies the honor of a capital letter to the name of any religious denomination which it favors with a mention in its columns, whilst base-ball clubs and other athletic organizations are more highly privileged? The *Herald* was taken to task, some time ago, by its local contemporaries in regard to its "new departure" in the use of "capitals"—but that was before "the season opened." Why a distinction should be made in favor of any "sporting" organiza-

tion—even horse-racing—is not apparent. Is it because those who participate therein are sinners? or what?

—Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., has been invited to deliver a course of lectures on "Science and Revealed Religion" before the Catholic Summer School recently inaugurated. The place of assembly has not yet been definitely decided on. Lake George and The Thousand Islands have been spoken of, and it is probable that the meeting will be held at one of these places. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan have been invited to address the assembly. It is now thought that at least four hundred persons will attend the lectures of the opening session, and that this number will be greatly augmented before the school closes.

—Friday, the 13th inst., was a day of great rejoicing at St. Joseph's Novitiate, as it was the feast-day of the Rev. Master of Novices. At 6 o'clock Father Fitte sang High Mass during which he preached an eloquent sermon on the life and virtues of St. Stanislaus. He exhorted his hearers to follow in the steps of the sainted bishop of Poland if they wished one day to dwell with him in the eternal abode of the blessed. The choir sang Battmann's Mass in C with great precision, and well interpreted the sentiments of piety which the composer has embodied in his work. Before breakfast Mr. Houlihan, in the name of all the novices, read an elaborate address, in which he gave expression to the heartfelt feelings of love which the novices cherish for their devoted Superior. After speaking particularly of all the benefits Father Fitte lavishes continually on his children, Mr. Houlihan presented a spiritual bouquet consisting of the Holy Communion which every member of the Novitiate had received for his beloved Superior that morning. At noon a grand dinner was served, after which there was recreation till evening. All enjoyed the day *fittely*, and will long remember how pleasant the Rev. Master of Novices rendered the occasion for them.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case of *State versus Scudder*, which has long been pending in the Moot-Court, came to a close on Wednesday, May 18. The counsel finished their arguments, and the court instructed the jury who retired to consult, and returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." It is hoped that the real prisoner in Chicago, where the true state of facts can be ascertained, will be more successful. The prisoner was arraigned on the charge of murdering his mother-in-law. It appeared that there were two wills in the case affecting the property of the deceased, one of which was claimed to have been forged. The defense set up the plea of insanity, and on this ground tried to free the prisoner from responsibility for the act. But, under the fire of a very close cross-examination, ably conducted by attorneys H. O'Neill and P. Ragan, the am-

munition of evidence, with which the defendant's witnesses had been primed, soon gave out, after which their evidence became rather incoherent. Their testimony was pretty well shattered. The attorneys for the defense say that they would like to "get another tilt" at the experts introduced by the prosecution, in order that by adopting the same tactics they might test their credibility by making a thorough investigation into their qualifications as men skilled in their professions. These attorneys think it would not be a difficult matter to prepare from some text-book on anatomy or medicine a list of scientific and technical terms which would try the skill of almost any expert. This was the most important case tried for years, and it excited a deal of local interest. Mr. J. T. Cullen, who acted on the occasion as prisoner, proved to be of too sound a mind to justify the jury in returning any other verdict than that which they did. The jury was composed of Messrs. E. Roby, foreman; C. Rudd, E. Mitchell, J. Faraday, E. Hagan and T. Hennessy. The Law class is joined by the losing as well as the winning attorneys in thanking these gentlemen for the valuable time they have spent, and the services rendered in acting as jurors in the case. The views of the prisoner, however, in this respect have not yet been consulted. It is unknown which he appreciates the more—being passed upon as a man of sound memory and understanding, or being acquitted on the ground of insanity. A motion was made for a new trial and was allowed.

An Evening Walk.

A walk on a fine evening at this season of the year is indeed enjoyable; and such a recreation was the privilege of the students of Brownson Hall on the 14th inst. We were about three hundred in the march, and, of course, there were some jolly fellows, and some with vocal powers of no mean ability who made the atmosphere reverberate with such songs as "Marching Through Georgia." Outside of regular ranks it was in college boys' fashion. After marching by fours for a while, soon the order would change till the road was not wide enough for all. We had been longing for this change of exercise, and had earnestly petitioned for it. To say that the evening was beautiful would be too little. The sun was beginning to cast its radiance in the vale. The horizon in the West, bordering the far-distant hills, presented a scene which would require a better pen than mine to describe. The larger fields of grain on either side of the road were almost knee-deep in their richly growing verdure. It was a beautiful spectacle.

Here we saw, in the midst of trees, an altar erected in honor of St. Aloysius. This contained his statue encased in glass. Over it was an arch on which was written in plain, large letters:

"St. Aloysius Patron of Youth." A short distance further was an elevation called Mount Calvary, on which stands a large, black wooden cross to remind the beholder of the place where our Saviour was crucified.

St. Joseph's Lake was then in view. We all felt anxious to walk by the water's edge and visit the boat house. Our wish was happily granted. The surface of the lake was like a mirror; we could see in it the reflections of the picturesque banks, the gilded dome of the University, and the myriad boats which were swiftly gliding over the waters. Arriving at the boat landing, the boat house bell began to ring for the crews to return.

We gladly accepted an invitation to visit the interior of the club house. There we saw four splendid pleasure row boats equipped in the latest style. Two of them measure about twenty-five feet in length, and perhaps a little over four feet wide in the middle at the top. They were six-oar boats, which have been used for several years, but they are still in splendid condition. The two others of a smaller size were brand new, and looked as slick as a pin. Satisfied with our observations there, we proceeded to the study-hall, and, refreshed as we felt after an hour's recreation of the kind, we took up our studies with much delight.

We all extend our heartiest thanks to B. Hilarion for his kindness and courtesy.

R. D.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Carney, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Carroll, Dechant, Dacey, DuBrul, Fitzgerald, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Gillon, Hannin, Howard, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schaack, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Ansberry, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, E. W. Brown, Chassaing, Corcoran, Corry, Cassidy, Crawley, Carter, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Castenado, F. Cummings, Conroy, Colby, Chidester, Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, Egan, Foley, Frizzelle, Flannigan, Heneghan, Healy, Harris, Hesse, Holland, Houlihan, Hagan, Hoepe, Hennessy, Hermann, Jacobs, Kenny, Kleekamp, Kearney, Keough, W. M. Kennedy, Kelly, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, Kearns, Kunert, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Moxley, D. Murphy, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, Murray, O'Donnell, Olde, O'Shea, Powers, Pulskamp, D. Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Ragan, E. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Schopp, Stace, Thayne, Vinez, Welsh, Whitehead, Wilkin, Zeller, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Bixby, Barbour, Baldauf, Ball, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bergland, Bearss, Bates, Bachrach, Casey, Corry, Curran, Connell, Carpenter, Cullen, Cochrane, Conrad, Dix, DeLormier, Dillon, J. Delany, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dorsey, Edwards, Finnerty, G. Funke, W. Ford, Foster, Fitzgerald, C. Ford, Falk, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griffin, Gerlach, Gillam, Garfias, Girardin, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hamilton, Hack, Harrington,

Harding, Janssen, Kreicker, Kraber, W. Kegler, Kerker, A. Kegler, Keough, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Luther, Lawlor, Lane, Leonard, Mills, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, McDowell, McCarthy, MacLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, W. O'Neill, Oliver, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, Rumely, Regan, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens, Smith, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Thorn, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Walker, Washburn, Weaver, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wellington, Wagner, Wensinger, Winder, Yeager, Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, L. Abraham, G. Abraham, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Cross, Crandall, H. Durand, B. Durand, Dugas, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, F. Emerson, W. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freemann, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Holbrook, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hartman, Hathaway, Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, S. Keeler, Kuehl, G. Keeler, King, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Londoner, Langley, Loughran, Lysle, Lawton, Lowrey, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, McGinley, McAlister, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, C. Nichols, Ninneman, O'Neill, O'Brien, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Platts, Pratt, Pieser, Peck, Pursell, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Trujillo, Wilcox, White, Wolf, Westover.

St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati.

It will be pleasant for the host of friends which Mr. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., has at Notre Dame to learn of the marvellous success he met with lately at St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, O., where he is at present engaged in professorial duties. On May 10 St. Joseph's Literary Society, of which Mr. Cavanaugh is President, rendered "The Blind Boy" at Pike's Opera House before an audience so large that the number of seats did not suffice to accommodate all present. The players did justice to the careful training they had received from their painstaking president, and the rounds of applause, which shook the vast edifice at almost every scene, are ample proof that the young artists had imbibed some of the eloquence with which Mr. Cavanaugh is so richly gifted. The drama over, the same society sang a cantata with, if such be possible, yet greater success than that with which they rendered the play. Those who have had occasion to hear Mr. Cavanaugh's melodious voice, and who are acquainted with his thorough knowledge of the art of music, will find therein the key to his proficiency as a teacher of vocal culture. The whole *soirée* is reported to have been an intellectual treat to all the spectators, and many, whose capabilities as judges in matters of this sort can be relied upon, state that, owing to Mr. Cavanaugh's exertions, the entertainment of this year rivalled fairly with any of the best plays ever given by St. Joseph's College.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Now that the tennis courts are marked out, there will be few wall-flowers during recreation hours.

—The instructions at May devotions, during the past week were given by the Rev. Chaplain, and by Rev. Fathers Hudson, O'Neill and French.

—Among the visitors during the past week were Mrs. P. T. Barry, Mrs. C. Bartholomew, Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Mrs. M. Berg, Miss C. Robbins, Miss E. Evoy, Chicago; J. W. Russert, Laporte; Mr. and Mrs. M. Londoner, Leadville, Colorado.

—The members of the Holy Angels' Sodality enjoyed a few hours extra recreation on Thursday last, in honor of their special patrons, the angels. A feature of the occasion was a treat of fruit and confections, always acceptable to the little folk.

—The editors of *Rosemary* find sources of instruction everywhere; for they note the fact that the flower-seeds are not content to stay in their beds, neither does the St. Joseph River keep to its bed. From this they draw the moral that early rising should be practised by little girls.

—The Junior Literary Society devoted its last two meetings to a review of the year's work. Each member wrote a synopsis of the subjects discussed. The best papers were read by the Misses Hickey, Meskill, Palmer, J. Smyth, White and Adelsperger, the first-mentioned young lady receiving the reward offered as an incentive to special effort.

—The Christian Art Society held its usual meeting on Tuesday last in St. Luke's Studio. The hour was employed in the discussion of methods of work to be followed by the young artists during vacation, after which a chapter on "Landscape Painting" by Sir Gilbert Hamerton was read by the Misses M. Marrinan and L. Kasper.

—The Second Seniors are deep in the delights (?) of the analysis of poetic measures; and, as a consequence, all their gestures, and even their walk, assume regular forms, and might actually be reduced to iambic and trochaic movements; while special success in scanning leads during recreation hours to dactylic and anapestic steps, until the bell rings, when the slow spondee is the rule.

—As the Juniors filed into the Senior study-hall on Sunday evening, it was evident that they were laboring under some unusual excitement; and after the reading of the "points" the secret was explained; for *Rosemary*, the Juniors' paper, was announced. The number was exceptionally good, and was a happy combination

of grave and gay articles. Two essays setting forth the respective charms of New York and Chicago were received with much favor, as were also items on "Physical Geography," "Natural Philosophy," "Remarks, Wise and Otherwise, on Grammar" and "Mary's Month." The readers, the Misses A. Tormey and S. Meskill, did full justice to the literary merits of *Rosemary*, eliciting words of praise and encouragement from Very Rev. Father Corby.

The Lotus Bloomed.

I.

The lotus bloomed, says old Egyptian lore,
When the glad sun night's filmy curtains tore;
But hid its waxen beauty 'neath the stream
When flickered in the West his dying beam;
"Osiris' flower," was the name it bore.

II.

Napoleon's brow the victor's laurel wore
First at the Nile, his sun rose from her shore,
Success unfolded, as at dawn's first gleam
The lotus bloomed.

III.

Oh, flower of glory! crushed and stained in gore
At Waterloo, thy life with sunset o'er,
Awakes not at the morn, as from a dream.
Helena's Isle in wretchedness supreme,
Bade thy fair head sink low—for him no more
The lotus bloomed.

KATHERINE MORSE.

The Sunshine of School-Life.

In listening to the different stories of school days, we cannot but wonder if all lives during that period are the same. How often we hear young people say that it is a time of stern reality, a period when all the bright rays of pleasure are banished, when everything that has a tendency to gayety is shut out from the hearts of those who are subject to the stringent rules of discipline; and if such be the case, we cannot but listen with amazement when we hear old people say "school days are our happiest days." But let us take an impartial view of the subject, laying aside the glasses of prejudice both near-sighted ones for youth and the far-sighted lenses of old age; we will seek the truth from the lips of those who have borne with patience the burdens of school-life, and who are now nearing the final years of scholastic duties. From them we will learn how false the statement is "a student's career is one of sadness." All know that "life is what we make it"; and if while at school we find ourselves unhappy we can blame no one but ourselves; for many are the rays of

sunshine which daily creep in to warm the shadows that come even to youth. Who can appreciate these little gleams of kindness more than a schoolgirl, who is isolated from those she loves best on earth? It is only when far away we begin to value what is done for us by those who make home dear to us. Whence then come these sources of sunshine? The thought of kind and loving parents, whose image forever lives in our hearts, the constant remembrance of their deep love for us, are as sunshine on the path of life. The expectation with which we look forward for those messages we receive from parents is proof that letters are rays of sunshine indeed; what a consolation these missives prove, only our own hearts can tell.

Again, in youth we naturally need encouragement; and when far away from the nearest and dearest of advisers, a loving mother, we must turn to some one, and that one do we find in our teacher. And how often a word and a smile of approval from her will be the cause of renewed exertion and consequent success! The influence of a teacher is frequently felt through our lives, and words of advice given in a class-room are often productive of lasting fruit. Another source of sunshine is the friendships we form while at school, and often they prove to be bonds which the years but make stronger.

When separated at the close of school days, each moving in different circles, forming new acquaintances and assuming life's duties, memory perpetuates the joys of girlhood, and it is with pleasure that we look back at a schoolgirl's friendship which has never ceased to exist. Then, too, there is a delight in study and in the acquirement of those accomplishments which we know will please our parents: and higher than all these are the spiritual joys which come to us in quiet moments before the shrine of our Blessed Mother and near the tabernacle where the smile of our Heavenly Father makes all the world bright.

With all these sources of happiness it cannot be said that our lives are entirely devoid of pleasure; but in return do we do our duty? Are we grateful for the unceasing labors which are daily performed in our behalf? Ah, let us ever remember that "gratitude is the sweetest flower that sheds its fragrance o'er the human heart!" Trials will come, but in both school-life and in the walks of mature years, there is always sunshine, if we will but look up, and let it radiate our hearts with its splendor.

AGNES G. LYNCH.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, A. Butler, Brady, K. Barry, Black, Byers, Bartholomew, Bogart, Carico, Charles, M. Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, L. Clifford, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, E. Dennison, Dingee, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Grace, Gibbons, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kelly, Kieffer, Kauffman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, M. Kinney, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, Maxon, Nacy, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, K. Ryan, M. Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, C. Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Tod, Van Mourick, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Allen, Boyle, K. Coady, Crandall, Campau, Cowan, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dennison, L. Dreyer, Ford, Field, Girsch, Hickey, Hopper, Kline, Meskill, Morris, Mills, Nacey, O'Mara, Ryder, Scott, J. Smyth, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Tilden, Tormey, Williams, Whittenberger, Wolverton, Wheeler, White.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, McCarthy, McCormack, Murray, Palmer, Wolverton.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Roberts, M. Smyth.
2D CLASS—Misses McGuire, Nacey, Thirds, Sleeper.
3D CLASS—Misses Higgins, Lancaster, Gage.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Morse, E. Dennison, Gibbons.
2D CLASS—Misses D. Davis, Bero, Bassett, Lynch, A. Ryan, Morehead, Tod.
3D CLASS—Misses A. E. Dennison, Dempsey, Tormey, M. Dennison, M. Byrnes, Hickey, K. Ryan, M. Murison.
2D DIV.—Misses Sena, Van Mourick, Doble, Whitmore, S. Smyth, Kinney.
4TH CLASS—Misses Seeley, Robinson, Black, E. McCormack, Butler, Stewart, R. Lichtenhein, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Dieffenbacher, Londoner, Smith, Hammond, Rizer, Field, L. Griffith, G. Cowan, Ludwig, Bogart, Tietgen, Maxon, Thirds, Culp.
2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, B. Davis, Hopper, Meskill, Baxter, Nacey.
5TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Egan, M. McCormack, Finnerty.

GERMAN.

2D CLASS,—Misses Nickel, Ludwig, Wile, H. Nacey, Marrinan.
3D CLASS—Misses Green, Kirley, E. Dennison, Carico, Haitz, Russert, E. Wile, Farwell, Kieffer, L. Dreyer, C. Kasper, Welter, O'Mara, Kingsbaker,
4TH CLASS—Misses O'Sullivan, Wolffe, G. Winsteadley, Tietjen, M. Moynahan, Girsch, Leppel, G. Johnson, Schaefer, Jacobs, E. Seeley, D. McDonald, Zucker, G. Rothschild, Morris, Bartholomew.
5TH CLASS—Misses B. Winsteadley, Hellman, Keating, Holmes, Lennon, G. Cowan, Hittson, Lantry, Dingee, B. Maxon, N. Smyth, Berg, Lingard.